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HUMANITY.

GENTLENESS, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants.—It renounces no just right from fear:—it gives up no important truth from flattery:—it is indeed not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value.

It stands opposed to harshness and severity—to pride and arrogance—to violence and oppression:—it is, properly, that part of the real virtue charity, which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren.—It corrects whatever is offensive in our manners, and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery;—Its office is therefore extensive; it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men.—It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

That gentleness which is a characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart.—In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

It is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share.—It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and duty of man.—It is native feeling heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents; which feels for every thing that is human; and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long suffering to enemies.

It exercises authority with moderation;—administers reproof with tenderness; confers favours with care and modesty.—It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal.—It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension and restore peace.—It neither intermed-

dles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others.—It delights above all things to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart.

Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome.—It seeks to please rather than shine and dazzle, and conceals with care that superiority, either of talents or of rank, which are oppressive to those who are beneath it.—It is a great avenue to mutual enjoyment: amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony.—It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of a man a refreshment to man.—It prepossesses and wins every heart.—It persuades when every other argument fails; often disarms the fierce, and melts the stubborn.

To the man of humanity the world is generally disposed to ascribe every other good quality; of its influence all in some degree partake, therefore all love it.

The man of this character rises in the world without struggle, and flourishes without envy; his misfortunes are universally lamented, and his failings are easily forgiven. The inward tranquility which it promotes is the first requisite of every pleasurable feeling. It is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind.

Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle spirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and resent as his duty allows him: but to slight provocations he is happily superior. Inspired with noble sentiments, taught to regard, with an indulgent eye, the frailties of men, the omissions of the careless, the follies of the imprudent, and the levity of the fickle; he retreats into the calmness of his spirit, as into an undisturbed sanctuary, and quietly allows the usual current of life to hold its course.

FAITH, PIETY, AND ACTIVE VIRTUE.

LIFE passed under the influence of such dispositions naturally leads to a happy end. It is not enough to say, faith and piety joined with active virtue constitute the requisite preparation for heaven. They in truth begin the enjoyment of heaven. In every state of our existence they form the chief ingredients of felicity.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION :

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAMPA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 219.)

"WHAT a triumph would it have proved to me, if I had succeeded in my attempt to subdue this man through my magical operations, and to catch in *one* snare two persons of so great an importance to our cause. The idea of ensnaring the Count by means of miracles and ghosts, was indeed, a very bold one, but not so inconsiderate as it may appear at first sight. Antonio has spent the earlier years of his youth in a monastery at Rome. It was not unknown to me, that experience and meditation have enabled him afterwards to divest himself of the prejudices which there have been instilled in his mind; I was, however, at the same time, well aware that the impressions we receive in our juvenile days, are re-produced with vivacity on certain occasions. I also knew that his philosophy does not deny the existence of spirits, and the hope of futurity which he defended with enthusiasm, renders the human mind but too prone to give credit to the apparitions of spirits, if they have the appearance of reality. Even his propensity to speculation, his fondness of solitude, the interest he took in super-sensitive objects, his melancholy temper, prompted me to expect that my artifices would find access to his heart; and if the heart is but interested for something, then the understanding too is generally half gained. However, he who intends to gain it *entirely*, must take care not to expose his blind side to a keen-sighted and pert genius, and for that reason I was obliged to endeavour to carry the illusion to the highest degree of probability; I was under the necessity of attempting to make it impossible to Count Galvez to penetrate my delusions. This will convince your Grace that my plan, how bold soever it might have been, has not been formed without *probability of success*. However, when Count Clairval began to cultivate a more intimate connection with Antonio, I was made sensible that my expectations have been too sanguine.

"He entreated me to give up a design that never could succeed. Prudence commanded me to follow his advice, though it mortified my ambition extremely. No other expedient was now left than to remove Count Galvez from his pupil, because I apprehended that he would ruin my design on Miguel. Your Grace knows how successfully this was executed.

"Perhaps you will ask, whether it would not have been possible to gain Count Galvez for our cause by some other means? I must reply in the negative. Miguel could indeed have been ensnared by other means, but not more *expeditiously*; (and every thing depended upon dispatch) but his tutor never. The latter is attached to the King of Sp^an with unshaken loyalty, because he thinks it his *duty* to be loyal; and a man of fifty years, of so firm and rooted princi-

ples, cannot be enticed from what he thinks to be his duty, before it ceases to be duty to him. But what power upon earth could absolve from a *duty* such a man? Here supernatural powers must interfere and absolve him, beings from another world must appear as bail.

"I can scarcely think that the failure of this plan has originated from a fault of mine, for I have tried every means of exhibiting my miracles and ghosts in a shape of probability. Yet this has entangled me on the other side in a very disagreeable dilemma. Miguel, to whom his tutor has rendered suspected even my most consummate artifices, must be kept steady in the course he once has taken. I shall, perhaps, be necessitated to perform something quite extraordinary in order to fix the mind of this wavering young man who is constantly pressing forwards. Thus I think to have given a satisfactory answer to the question why I have introduced so expensive, complicated and artificial machines.

"If your Grace should ask why I have kept my design on Miguel's tutor so secret, then I must tell you, that I concealed it so carefully because I intended to surprise the confederates unexpectedly by my valuable acquisition, if I should have succeeded; and if not to spare myself the mortification of having it said that I had undertaken a task to which my powers were not equal. I hope your Grace will reward my frank and plain confession by burying it in eternal secrecy."

I returned the letter to the Duke, and a long silence ensued. He broke it first.

"My friend, you know my adventures with this Irishman, what do you think of him?"

"How can you ask that question after all the discoveries we have already made?"

"I wish to have it answered by you."

"I think," said I in a pathetic accent, "that Irishman must be a supernatural being."

"Ridicule me as long as you please—I cannot but confess that he is, nevertheless, incomprehensible to me."

"My dear Duke, I know what I am to think of the Irishman, but I scarcely know what to think of you."

"You disapprove of my connection with that man."

"Very much."

"Tell me your sentiments without reserve; I know you have had a strong desire for some time to come to an explanation with me."

"You have been ill, and I wish to spare you."

"I don't want your forbearance. Speak."

"At another time, my friend, at another time."

"No delay. Alumbrado is no stranger to my history, and consequently may hear your observation on it."

"If you insist upon it, then I must tell you that I am extremely vexed at the idea that the fellow, who dared to sport with your understanding has enjoyed the triumph of guiding you in leading-strings whither soever he chose. I am glad that you have rendered his magical labours so toilsome; I am rejoiced at the resistance which you have opposed to his attacks; but

"it grieves me that he has conquered you so dishonestly and artfully. I cannot but confess that the artifice to which your penetration yielded, has been enormous; however, I am angry with you because the man whom you really had discovered to be a cheat, succeeded a second time in gaining your confidence."

"Do you then imagine that the Irishman has imposed on me in the latter period of our connection as well as in the beginning of it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That this occult science consists merely in juggling tricks?"

"In *natural* arts of all kind."

"By what natural means could he have affected the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard?"

"I cannot tell; however, we should probably have learned it from the Count if he had not been suffered to escape."

"I am glad you remind me of the Count. Why did he refuse so obstinately to explain that incident in spite of my prayers and menaces, declaring solemnly that it had been effected by supernatural means, although he has candidly discovered the rest of the delusions of the Irishman. What benefit could he expect from deceiving me any longer, the revolution being established, and consequently his end attained?"

"Has he not confessed that he is in the service of the Irishman? Can you know what orders he has received from his employer? Was not the veil of mystery which the Count has thrown over that incident, the only remaining mean of supporting the authority of his lord and master? Who knows what he would have confessed if you had shown a firm resolution to enforce your menaces?"

"I confess I acted very weakly and rashly, in suffering him to escape so soon."

"At bottom it matters very little. What confidence could you have reposed in the confession of a man, who on a former occasion has imposed on you in so shameless and daring a manner? And what will you say if I prove to you that he has belied you the last time too?"

"You astonish me."

"Don't you recollect that he pretended the note through which Amelia has been absolved from her vow by her late Lord, to have been the effect of Hiermanfor's supernatural power?"

"Not only the Count, Hiermanfor too has made me believe it."

"Both of them has told you a barefaced lie."

"Friend, how will you be able to make good your charge?"

"By proving that pretended miracle to be a juggling trick."

"You have raised my expectation to the highest pitch."

"I have learned that trick of a juggler, and I am sure that which the Irishman has made use of is the same. He gave Amelia a blank slip of paper, and

directed her to write the question on the upper part of it. Here you must regard three points; first of all, that he *himself* gave the paper, to Amelia; secondly, that he desired the question to be written on the upper part of it; and thirdly, that he dictated the question to her; he then put the paper on the table, fumigated the apartment with an incense of his own composition, and requested the Countess to look at the paper in the morning. It was very natural that the answer to the question was seen beneath it, having been previously written with sympathetic ink the preceding evening, but first rendered visible in the night by the fumigation. Very likely it had been written by the Count, who could imitate the hand-writing of his brother."

The Duke gazed at me a long while, seized with dumb astonishment. At length he clapped his hands joyfully, exclaiming, "O! my friend, what a light have you cast upon that dark mysterious affair."

"A light," my reply was, "that will assist you to see clearly how dishonestly the Irishman and the Count have dealt with you to the last. They endeavored to persuade you that you had been deceived at first, merely for the sake of probation, and that you had been paid with sterling truth after Palecki's discovery. Poor deceived man; you have always been beset with lies and delusions; the sole point in which they differed from each other, consisting merely in the superior art which the latter impositions were contrived with."

"Then you believe that the apparition at the church-yard has also been a deception, like the incident with the miraculous note."

"Yes, I have every reason to think so. When I have once caught a person in the act of committing a fraud, I then have the greatest right to suppose that he has repeatedly imposed upon me; and when I am convinced that he has frequently deceived me, I then have the greatest reason to conclude that he has cheated me the last time also."

"Then you think a real apparition of a ghost to be impossible."

"Why do you ask that question? All that we have to decide at present, is, whether the Irishman or any man living can effect such an apparition."

"You want to evade my question."

"Indeed not!"

"Then tell me, do you think apparitions of ghosts to be possible?"

"Tell me, does not this question imply, that, are men capable of seeing ghosts?"

"Certainly." "That I deny."

"You think that no man living has that capacity."

"And not without reason. We can see only those objects which throw an image on the retina of the eye, and consequently only expanded things; a spirit has no expansion, and therefore cannot be seen by us."

"You cut it very short."

"My argument is valid."

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF MRS. MORDAUNT.

[BY HERSELF.]

I SHALL not regret tracing the sorrows which marked the morning of my life. If I can inspire suffering virtue with confidence in heaven, and a gentle hope that when chastened in the school of adversity, the hand of happiness will amply recompense those who have patiently sustained its rough discipline.

At the tender age of sixteen I was deprived of a mother, whose loss I had every reason to deplore, as her precepts instilled into my inexperienced heart wisdom, and her example taught me to persevere in the path of virtue; though crossed with sorrows and perplexed with difficulties, she was prepared for that hour which so unexpectedly arrived, and launched her spotless into eternity. My father, Sir George Blandford, ah! how different from her in every respect, nobly descended, and possessed of an affluent fortune, he thought himself superior to the world; his soul was filled with pride, and he looked down with haughtiness on the rest of mankind. He had a son five years older than me; gentle, generous, and like his departed mother, susceptible of every soft impression; he was abroad at her death, which happened in London, and from which place Sir George determined immediately to bring me to his seat in the country. With melancholy hearts, we commenced our journey, the second day crossing a little stream, we found ourselves in imminent danger, owing to a violent fall of rain, which had rendered the current so rapid, the horses vainly struggled against it—in a few moments we should inevitably have perished, but for the interposition of a young man, who standing on the opposite bank, perceived our situation, and with wonderful presence of mind rushed into the water and assisted the men in bringing the carriage to shore. I had fainted from terror, a small cottage stood at a little distance to which they conveyed me, after a few remedies I revived. My apprehensions being over, I had an opportunity of contemplating the figure of my generous deliverer, whose resolution excited my warmest gratitude. He was just at that period of life when youth loses itself in manhood; his person strikingly elegant, his face expressive of the greatest sensibility, and his fine eyes beaming with a soft melancholy which seemed to announce him the son of sorrow. My father thanked him with as much warmth as he could assume, but a nobler gratitude rose in my soul, for from that hour I loved. With pain I heard the carriage announced, and entered it, I durst not talk of him, the rigidity of Sir George's disposition, prevented me.

The estate to which we were going I had never been at, but its castle was held in wonderful estimation by my father. He considered it as an honourable memorial of the antiquity of his ancestors. At our arrival I was struck with horror; the ravages of all-conquering time were in several places displayed; a dark wood surrounded it, impenetrable to the cheering rays of the resplendent luminary; thro' vistas cut amidst the thick boughs of old oaks, a cataract was espied foaming with impetuous

fury down the side of a stupendous mountain, from which a muddy stream took its course in hoarse murmurings through the wood. What an habitation for a mind already depressed, it filled mine with gloomy sadness, which I durst not manifest, for to dislike my father's favourite mansion, would have incurred his severest displeasure. A fortnight after my arrival, I obtained with difficulty, permission to spend some time with a young lady whom I had known from my infancy, and loved with the tenderest affection. We spent our days delightfully; happy in each other's society, they glided insensibly away. Riding early one morning with her, my horse, alarmed by the shouting of some thoughtless boys going to school, notwithstanding all my efforts, flew off at a rate that terrified me with the idea of every moment being dashed off.

From those fears I was relieved by a man springing from behind a hedge, who catching the bridle, stopt my rapid career—but what were my emotions on perceiving he was the generous deliverer who had before saved me? More overcome by my sensations than fright, I sunk half fainting in his arms. He appeared equally affected, "Great Heaven!" cried he, "what transport! twice to have saved this precious life!" My friend here arrived—she congratulated me on my escape—our horses were given to the servants; she asked the charming stranger to accompany us to her house, I would have prest him to accept her invitation, but shame withheld my faltering accents. My conversation now wholly ran on this adventure. Miss Rivers, (the name of my friend) frequently rallied me upon it; I would blush, perhaps be silent, but quickly again begin the pleasing topic. A mandate now arrived from Sir George for me to return home. I obeyed, though with pain. As usual he received me with haughty coldness.—At night, my maid whom I had left at home, began to relate the occurrences which happened during my absence, and at length ended her narrative by saying the old gardener was discharged, and a new one hired in his place, the sweetest prettiest fellow she ever beheld. Indeed he was a little melancholy, but certainly it was owing to his situation which he appeared not designed for. I laughed and said I fancied he had made a conquest of her, she foolishly tittered, as if the idea was very pleasant. The next morning, as was my usual custom, I arose early and entered the garden. I directed my steps to a little walk shaded by poplars. At a distance I discerned a man busily employed, whom I conjectured to be the new accomplished gardener. As I approached nearer I perceived him start, and with precipitation hurry from the spot in his eagerness to avoid me, his foot stumbled and he fell. I was just beginning an involuntary exclamation of are you hurt? when raising his head, I perceived my preserver. Amazement seized me, I had not power to move, the deepest crimson tinged his cheek, he could not raise his eyes, he attempted to speak, but his tremulous voice was unintelligible. I could not stir till the appearance of my father roused me; I started and hurried from the spot. (To be continued.)

AN ESSAY

ON PITY AND BENEVOLENCE.

PITY has been generally considered as the passion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds; although it is acknowledged to produce only such a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleasing to ourselves.

As a tender participation of foreign distress, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with social affections, which, however forcible, are wholly disinterested: and as a pleasing sensation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity. It has been resolved into that power of imagination by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves: we have been said to pity, no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer; and to be pleased, only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of distress from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

Pity is generally understood to be that passion, which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whose welfare the stronger passions have not united our felicity; for no man would call the anguish of a mother, whose infant was torn from her breast and left to be devoured in a desert, by the name of pity; although the sentiments of a stranger, who should drop a silent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwise be justly denominated.

If pity, therefore, is absorbed in another passion, when our love of those that suffer is strong; pity is rather an evidence of the weakness than the strength of that general philanthropy for which some have so eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone sufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite, and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was absolutely pure and social, it would not be necessary to relate the ravages of a pestilence or a famine with minute and discriminating circumstances to rouse our sensibility: we should certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary distress, without any mixture of delight. That deceitful sorrow, in which pleasure is so well known to be predominant, that invention has been busied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious sufferings for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honest commiseration in which pain would be unmixed, and which, therefore, we should wish to lose.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the express, being expected at the house of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were assembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witness.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was easily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as soon as they were seated, and the first ceremonies past. He described the march of many thousands of their countrymen into the field, where batteries had been concealed on each side, which in a moment strewn the ground with mangled limbs and carcases that almost floated in blood, and obstructed the path of those who followed to the slaughter. He related, how often the decreasing multitude returned to the cannon; how suddenly they were rallied, and how suddenly broken; he repeated the list of officers who had fallen undistinguished in the carnage, men whose eminence rendered their names universally known, their influence extensive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the success of the war against us. But the company, however amused by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event: they were still attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, usual among well bred persons; they bowed with a graceful simper to a lady who sneezed, mutually presented each other with snuff, shook their heads and changed their posture at proper intervals, asked some questions which tended to produce a more minute detail of such circumstances of horror as had been lightly touched, and having at last remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the conversation soon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whist. But just as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention. I forgot (said he) to relate one particular; which, however, deserves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whose name I cannot now recollect, had, just before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the expostulations, persuasion and entreaty of her husband, insisted to go abroad with him, and share his fortune at all events. If he should be wounded, she said, that she might hasten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by such attendance as strangers cannot be hired to pay; if he should be taken prisoner, she might, perhaps, be permitted to shorten the tedious hours of captivity, which solitude would protract; and if he should die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and speed, than to wait at a distance in anxiety and suspense, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at last believing it possible, that if she had been present, her assiduity and tenderness might have preserved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reasoning, was yet overcome by the importunate eloquence of her love: he consented to her request, and they embarked together.

The head quarters of the duke of Cumberland were at Brulfoel, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within musket shot of the enemy's lines, where the captain who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was short. She looked after him, till he could no longer be distinguished from others; and as soon as the firing began she went back pale and trembling, and sat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety and terror. She soon learned from stragglers and fugitives, that the slaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeless. She did not, however, yet despair; she hoped that the captain might return among the few that should remain: But soon after the retreat, this hope was cut off, and she was informed that he fell in the first charge, and was left among the dead. She was restrained by those about her, from rushing in the phrenzy of desperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was still possessed; but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, she ordered a servant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, she went herself to seek the remains of her husband, that she might honour them with the last rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about among the dying and the dead, gazing on every distorted countenance, and looked round with irresolution and amazement on a scene, which those who stripped had left tenfold more a sight of horror than those who had slain. From this sight she was at last turning with confusion and despair, but was stopped by the cries of a favourite spaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was standing at some distance in the field; and the moment she saw him, she conceived the strongest assurance that he had found his master. She hastened instantly to the place without regarding any other object; and stooping over the corpse by which he stood, she found it so disfigured with wounds and besmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known: But, as she was weeping in the anguish of suspense, she discovered hanging on the wrist the remains of a ruffe, round which there was a slight border of her own work. Thus suddenly to have discovered, and in such dreadful circumstances, that which she had sought, quite overwhelmed her, and she sunk down on the body. By the assistance of the servant, she was recovered to sensibility, but not to reason; she was seized at once with convulsions and madness; and a few hours after she was carried back to the village she expired.

Those who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loss of a battle, by which their country would probably suffer irreparable damage, without concern, listened to a tale of private distress with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other was for a while suspended; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every bosom became susceptible of pity: But the whole circle paused with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end: and would have been glad that such another could have been told, to continue their entertainment.—Such was the benevolence of pity! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very slight acquaintance to satisfy her curiosity, was touched with much deeper distress; and fainting in the struggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair. An

accident which was not sooner discovered, because every eye had been fixed upon the speaker, and all attention monopolized by the story. Every one, however, was ready to afford her assistance; and it was soon discovered, that she was mother to the lady whose distress had afforded so much virtuous pleasure to the company. It was not possible to tell her another story, which would revive the same sensations; and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the sufferer was too strong to permit her, on this occasion, to enjoy the luxury of pity, and applaud her benevolence for sensations which shewed its defects. It would, indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exist only in this state of imperfection, that a greater share of sensibility is not allowed us; but if the mole, in the kindness of unerring Wisdom, is permitted scarce to distinguish light from darkness, the mole should not surely, be praised for the perspicuity of its sight.

Let us distinguish that malignity, which others confound with benevolence, and applaud as virtue, let the imperfection of nature, which is adapted to this imperfect state, teach us humility; and fix our dependence upon Him, who has promised to "create in us a new heart and a right spirit," and to receive us to that place, where our love of others, however ardent, can only increase our felicity; because, in that place, there will be no object, but such as perfect benevolence can contemplate with delight.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

MR. Cecil, assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknown, and almost unknown, by the neighbourhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and singular stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing-tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and thus accosted her.—"My girl, would you like to be married?" "Sir!" exclaimed the girl,—"I asked you, young woman, whether you would wish to be married; because, if you would, I will marry you," "Lord, Sir! these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before." "Very likely," replied Mr. Jones; "but, however, I am serious, and will leave you till ten o'clock to-morrow to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if I have your and your father's consent, we will be married the following day."

He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addressed him: "Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like her for a wife; and I am come to ask your

consent." "This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a perfect stranger: Pray, sir, who are you? and what are you?" "Sir," replied Mr. J. "you have a right to ask these questions: my name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it be necessary, I can purchase your house and farm, and half the neighbourhood."

Another hour's conversation, brought all parties into one mind, and the friendly clergyman aforementioned united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and were blessed with two children. Mr. J. employed great part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosing his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; and coming to a very magnificent one, "This, my dear," said he, "is Burleigh house, the seat of the earl of Exeter, and, if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it: it is an elegant house, and probably will amuse you."

The nobleman who possessed this mansion was lately dead. He once had a nephew, who, in the gaities of his youth, had incurred some debts, on account of which he had retired from fashionable life on about 200l. per annum, and had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones; the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, and estate, and is the present earl of Exeter!

A PLEASING REVERIE.

CONDUCTED by Contemplation, I found myself in the fertile regions of Imagination; Genius and Education had dispersed those mists which are the offspring of Prejudice. My soul, seized with the fire of Enthusiasm, took her flight to scenes which mortals have not yet dared to explore. I penetrated the inmost recesses of the temple of that Virtue, by the exercise of whose attributes mortals are almost elevated to the mighty inhabitants of heaven. At the porch of this edifice stood blooming Temperance, and meek Religion with uplifted eye. At the feet of Temperance laid grovelling Austerity, accompanied with the meagre crowd of penitential Fasts. Cloathed in black, at the feet of Religion, appeared Superstition, with her attendants, Folly, Enthusiasm, and Hypocrisy. In vain they endeavoured to enter the temple of Virtue; Temperance and Religion united, stood the shock of their numberless hosts! Having passed the porch, my divine guide left me to the care of Liberality of Mind: "You need not my advice; follow her dictates and they will assuredly conduct thee to Virtue." As we proceeded, Liberality of Mind made me acquainted with the names of those moral virtues by whose aid the throne of the goddess is ascended. "He who perpetually points to the divine throne, is Philosophy. He unfolds the various secrets of nature, which are hid from the ignorant. Before him is Contemplation; and behind him, Imagination, who has given birth to

"so many hypotheses. See Fortitude, with her eye of fire, disdaining every allurement the earth affords: after whom follows Resignation to the will of Providence; and here, behold —" I now saw Virtue enthroned; with Benevolence on one side, and on the other that celestial power who teaches men to controul their mortal passions. Virtue's glory did not blaze forth: her fire was that which burnt continually the same equal flame; unlike the glare of vice, which greatly blazes forth for the moment, but soon leaves us in eternal darkness!

S A T I R E.

GENERAL satyrists are usually tinged with a degree of misanthropy; they dislike the species for the faults of individuals, and they attribute to the whole, what is due only to a small portion of mankind. This talent of prying into the infirmities of human nature, is frequently useful to the public; it is always inconvenient to the possessor; it corrects the vanity, the affectation, and the vices of other men, but it breeds conceit, pride, obstinacy and peevishness in the mind of the owner. Though it may be founded on good sense, it destroys the best fruits of that invaluable blessing—self-happiness. One cannot declaim against the world without dreading some retribution; the satirist in the full career of triumph, trembles at the thoughts of being hated by those he pretends to despise, and he commonly meets with that contempt which he so liberally bestows.

N E W - Y O R K.

M A R R I E D,

On Tuesday the 27th ult. at Huntington (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. PHENEAS SILLS, of Cow-Harbour, to Mrs. REBECCA WHITE, of Crab-Meadow.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. CHARLES CORNELL, of Long Island, to Miss SALLY BUXTON, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Nesbit, Mr. HENRY DAWSON, jun. of Brooklyn (L. I.) to Miss MARRIAH HICKS, daughter of Mr. Jacob Hicks of that place.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 8th to the 14th inst.

	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	deg. 100 deg. 100	6.	3.	6.	3.
Dec. 8	3	50	15	n.	ne.	clear,	light wind.
9	0		16	n.	do.	clear high wd.	clear lt. wd.
10	3	50	24 25	nw.	sw.	frost, clear lt. wd.	clear do.
11	23		36	e.	se.	cloudy lt. wd.	much rain.
12	32	50	38	w.	do.	clear lt. wind,	clear h. wd.
13	31		40 50	nw.	w.	clear lt. wd.	do. do.
14	30		33 25	sw.	ne.	cloudy lt. wd.	much rain,

A CHARM FOR ENNUI.

A MATRIMONIAL BALLAD.

YE couples, who meet under Love's smiling star,
Too gentle to skirmish, too soft e'er to jar;
Though cover'd with roses from Jay's richest tree,
Near the couch of Delight lurks the dæmon *Ennui*.

Let the Muses gay lyre, like Ithuriel's bright spear,
Keep this fiend, ye sweet brides, from approaching your ear;
Since you know the squat toad's infernal *esprit*,
Never listen, like Eve, to the devil *Ennui*.

Let no gloom of your ha't, no shade of your bower,
Make you think you behold this malevolent power:
Like a child in the dark, what you fear you will see;
Take courage, away flies the phantom *Ennui*.

O trust me, the powers both of person and mind,
To defeat this fly foe full sufficient you'll find;
Should your eyes fail to kill him, with keen repartee,
You can sink the flat boat of th' invader *Ennui*.

If a cool non-chalance o'er your *spose* should spread,
(For vapours will rise e'en on Jupiter's head,)
O ever believe it, from jealousy free,
A thin passing cloud, not the fog of *Ennui*.

Of tender complainings tho' Love be the theme,
O beware, my sweet friends, 'tis a dangerous scheme;
And, tho' often 'tis tried, mark the *pauvre mari*
Thus by kindness inclos'd in the coop of *Ennui*.

Let Confidence, rising such meanness above,
Drown the discord of doubt in the music of Love;
Your *duette* shall thus charm in the natural key,
No sharps from vexation, no flats from *Ennui*.

But to you, happy husbands, in matters more nice,
The Muse, though a maiden, now offers advice;
O drink not too keenly your bumper of glee,
E'en extasy's cup has some dregs of *Ennui*.

Tho' Love for your lips fill with nectar his bowl,
Tho' his warm bath of blessings inspirit your soul;
O swim not too far on Rapture's high sea,
Lest you sink unawares in the gulph of *Ennui*.

Impatient of law, Passion oft will reply—
Against limitations I'll plead till I die!
But chief-justice Nature rejects the vain plea,
And such culprits are doom'd to the gaol of *Ennui*.

When husband and wife are of honey too fond,
They're like poison'd carp at the top of a pond;
Together they gape o'er a cold dish of tea,
Two muddy-sick fish in the net of *Ennui*.

Of indolence most, ye mild couples, beware,
For the myrtles of Love often hide her soft snare;
The fond doves in their net, from his pounce cannot flee,
But the lark in the morn' escapes the dæmon *Ennui*.

Let cheerful good-humour, that sunshine of life,
Which smiles in the maiden, illumine the wife;
And mutual attention, in equal degree,
Keep Hymen's bright chain from the rust of *Ennui*.

To the graces together, O fail not to bend,
And both to the voice of the Muses attend;
So Minerva, for you shall with Cupid agree,
And preserve your chaste flame from the smoke of *Ennui*.

E L E G Y.

CHILL JANUARY waves his wither'd hand,
With magic touch he rifles Nature's charms;
He speaks and frowns—Earth hears the hoarse command,
And sinks obedient to his icy arms.

With paler lustre now the distant sun,
On every branch from fretted hoar frost gleams;
Enchain'd and barr'd their former course to run,
In icy bonds are held the chrystal streams.

Each fairest work of lib'ral Nature dies,
Whene'er the proud imperious tempest bids;
With clouds becap't, to prop the lowering skies,
The snow-clad mountains lift their hoary heads.

Their leafy honours shed, the naked trees,
Stretch helpless forth their bare unshelter'd arms;
Imploring Spring, on wings of tepid breeze,
To wake once more to life their native charms.

Ah! ponder well, my soul, th' instructive scene—
Scarce four short months the circling year has run,
Since blooming nature smil'd a cheerful green,
And infant flow'rets drank the early sun.

Thus childhood smiles serene—the spring of life
One fleeting hour—and all its joys are past;—
Youth next, 'tween hope and fear eternal strife,
Like Summer, sunshine now, and now with clouds o'ercast.

Next manhood comes—like Autumn comes—is fled,
And age like hoary Winter, gloomy, grave,
Now silvers o'er sage Wisdom's sacred head,
And o'er his bosom spreads the blossoms of the grave.

Now comes the last most awful scene of all—
Life's glimmering landscape dim before the fight;
Death's fable hand outspreads his footy pall;
We humble—breathe a prayer—then sink in night!

Prepare, thou flattering soul, prepare for death—
With dauntless foot to tread the beaten road;
And oh! when this frail clay resigns its fleeting breath,
Exulting spring unfetter'd to thy God.

Ne'er dies the soul—the grave not ends its being;
A ray divine will pierce the awful gloom;
Eternal there shall smile a living Spring!
The soul eternal blossom in the tomb!

V E R S E S

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON THE DEATH OF A COMPANION.

WHEN beats your heart with young desire,
May love a mutual glow inspire;
And when at Hymen's shrine you bow,
May innocence smile on your vow;
And Joy and Peace illumine your way,
As thro' life's varying scenes you stray:
So may you never, never, know the tear,
That now a lover pours o'er his Amelia's bier!